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I was reading some stuff I wrote about a year ago and it's just insane how the same events keep occurring repeatedly in this realm of existence. It's like a never ending cycle of hating everyone and getting to the conclusion that, in truth, I don't want them in my life anymore. I just finished re-reading Notes from the Underground and it's unbelievable how much I still relate to it. I truly do feel that most people don't live their lives authentically and I hate the fact that I feel different and that people might perceive me as different. As someone who has different priorities and isn't concerned about performing to such a dull and soulless crowd. As someone who cares about ethics (that's almost a curse, pointless shit, don't even try to bring ethics into anything because no one cares) and at the same time, as someone who just feels absolutely disgusted of living amongst such idiotic creatures. Idiotic creatures who are almost thirty and yet they can't grasp a single thing about being a real and authentic person. These people are not bothered at all about the fact that they are human beings. They don't care about fundamental questions or human nature. It's almost exactly like Notes from the Underground, the only difference is the time frame and the fact that humanity has been progressively destroying itself since 1864.
I think I could say it's exhaustion. A type of social exhaustion, definitely a lack of hope and just loads of cynicism that's been built inside of me for years. I wish I could connect with such idiotic people, but I simply can't. I can't stand the mediocre, meaningless stuff that they care for, I can't share the same pointless, vain concerns that they have. It's like we're from different dimensions, like we're made of such different matter to the point we can't naturally mingle or coexist. We can't even begin to feel seen or heard by each other because we simply don't share any ideals. With all due respect, most of these morons haven't even gotten to the point of thinking about ideals, or worse, they mock having ideals. And that's the thing, sometimes I do feel mocked (it's covert most of the time, but honestly, that doesn't help either) because I'm not sharing the same routines and beliefs. I feel mocked by some people because I don't want to conform and be a worthless piece of shit the way most of them are. And I have a feeling that I'm not the only one who's left hurt by this, I think it hurts them too. I feel rejected by them, and they feel rejected by me.
"That's having fun", they'll say, "life is very difficult already, so we ought to at least have some fun" as they turn more and more into the most futile individuals to ever step on earth. These are people who can't stand a moment in silence with themselves or others. And I just feel truly sorry for them and also for myself, for not being able to be part of such a popular, degrading and mindless way of being. For not sharing the same twisted priorities, for not succumbing to peer pressure. I do think most of them will probably die with no idea of what their souls are and feel like. They'll never get the chance to know themselves even if it's just a bit, and they'll never understand the pain and the pleasures of diving into the complexity of existence. And the thing is, as sad as it is, I wouldn't exchange all my misery for a single moment of their happiness, because there's nothing substantial to it.